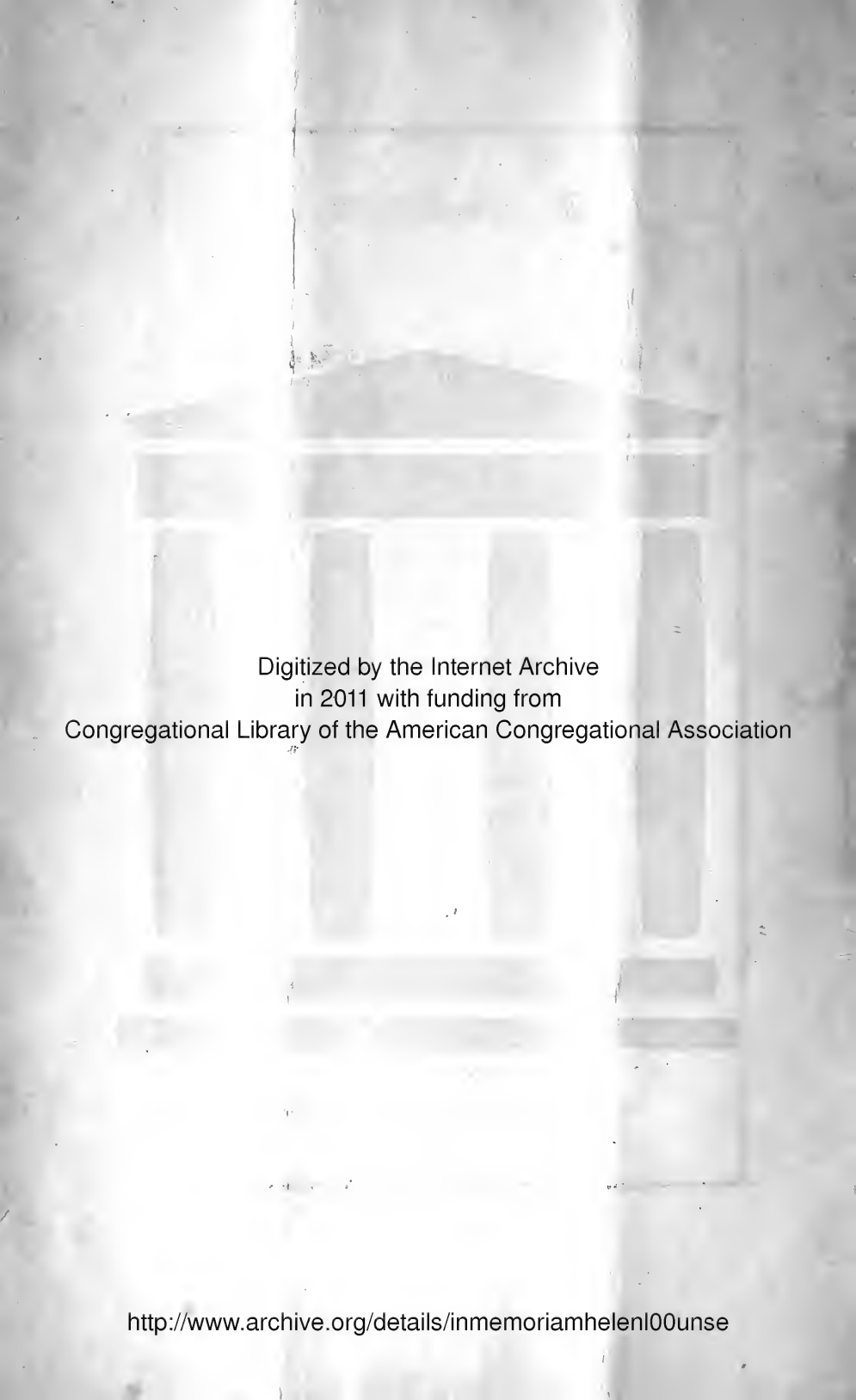


In Memoriam



H. D. L. PARMELLE



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*Witnessed  
with the love of  
rejoiced  
C.S. V.C.*

**In Memoriam :**

**HELEN LOUISA PARMELEE,**

**BORN**

**FEBRUARY 15TH, 1821.**

**DIED**

**NOVEMBER 27th, 1863.**

“An example of the believers in word, in conversation,  
in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.”—1 TIM., IV, 12.



**ALBANY :**

**J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.**

**1864.**



The hallowed dead! The Church has mourned

And hung her head in silence down;

But shall she grudge her toil-worn saints,

The blood-bought robe, the palm, the crown?

We laid them to their honoured rest,

Their work and God's is our's again;

Shoulder to shoulder fill the breach,

And they shall not have died in vain.

H. L. P.

*Carrier's Address for Presbyterian, 1861.*

At the suggestion of friends, the following notices of Mrs. Parmelee are gathered, from the journals of the day, and are sent as a memorial of a Christian woman, "lovely and of good report," to those who mourn her loss.

MANOR HOUSE, CROTON, 1864.

## IN MEMORIAM.

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*From the Albany Evening Journal.*

### MRS. PARMELEE.

On Friday, November 27th, at the Manor House, Croton, the residence of her brother-in-law, Pierre Van Cortlandt, Esq., *Helen Louisa Parmelee*, widow of Hon. Wm. Parmelee, and daughter of the late Dr. T. Romeyn Beck, of Albany.

Upon a large circle of relatives and friends the sad announcement of the death of this estimable woman will fall with profound sorrow. Mrs. Parmelee was born in Albany, and here resided until after the death of her father and husband. Her sympathies were largely identified with its people and its interests.

She was a woman of unostentatious and genuine philanthropy, and found no greater pleasure than in seeking out the poor and the destitute, and in providing for their wants. They came to her door and never went away empty. She sought them in their own humble abodes, and provided, so far as she could, for their wants. Her presence cheered the sick, and her words of sympathy gave hope to the desponding. Forgetful of herself, she was constantly devising what she could do for others, and the poor and the unfortunate were always near to her heart.

Mrs. Parmelee was a woman of rare social virtues, gently beloved by an extensive circle of cherished friends, and held by them in a most affectionate regard. She was gifted with a fine intellect, and from a child found time for extensive reading, and

was naturally led to be interested in the scientific studies of her distinguished father, whose industry and love of books she seemed to inherit. For many years she has been an occasional contributor to the periodical literature of the day. She wrote with ease and facility, and many of her fugitive poems breathe of her own pure spirit. Within the last few years she has passed through the severest bereavements, but, like the refiner's fire upon gold, they have only served to develop the beauty and consistency of her Christian character. In her gentleness, her constant cheerfulness, her patient submission, she evinced the strongest and clearest Christian faith.

For a few years past, her home has been in a pretty cottage on an ancestral estate, at Caldwell, on Lake George, where her summers have been mostly spent from her childhood, and where her dead repose.

The little village church where she worshipped was almost built by her zealous efforts, and more recently strengthened by her labours and prayers. In the Sabbath School she was a devoted teacher, and she faithfully laboured for the cause of Christ's kingdom upon the earth. Her heart was in every good work.

Mrs. Parmelee's health has not been vigorous for several years. Its recent failure has been rapid, and she died quite suddenly on Friday, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Van Cortlandt. Her remains will be interred at the family burial place at Lake George.

By such a devoted and consistent Christian life the fear of death vanishes, and the spontaneous exclamation is, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

S. D. W.



*From the New York Observer.*

### THE LATE MRS. HELEN L. PARMELEE.

This excellent lady (who died at the residence of her brother-in-law, on the 27th of November), was born in Albany, February 15, 1821. She was a daughter of Dr. Theodrick Romeyn Beck, for many years the distinguished Principal of the Albany Academy, and well known for his scientific attainments, and especially for his great work on *Medical Jurisprudence*, not only throughout America, but in Great Britain, and in several Continental countries. She was educated at the Albany Female Academy, where she gave early indications of a fine genius, and distinguished herself especially for her talent at writing. In 1848 she was married to William Parmelee, Esq., of Albany, a lawyer, and at one time mayor of the city, and became the mother of two children,—a son and a daughter. In November, 1855, she was afflicted by the death of her father; in January, 1856, by the death of her child; and in March following by the death of her husband. These successive shocks so deranged her nervous system that she subsequently fell into a deep melancholy, which, for a time, occasioned her friends great anxiety, though, after some months of suffering, she emerged from it, the same bright and cheerful being that she had been in other days. For a few years past her home has been at Caldwell, on Lake George, in a cottage built on an ancestral estate, where she has spent the greater part of her summers from early childhood. Some part of the year, however, has been passed with her sister at Croton; and it was during her last visit that a distressing malady, by which she had for some time been afflicted, worked its way

to the seat of life, and occasioned her lamented death. Her remains were interred in the family burying place at Lake George.

Mrs. Parmelee was a lady not only of fine talents, but of very uncommon attainments. Her mind moved with great rapidity; the range of her studies was wide; and she was especially gifted in all those qualities that are essential to constitute a fine writer, both of prose and of poetry. In 1835, when she was only 14 years of age, she became a regular contributor to the *Zodiac*, a monthly journal then published in Albany; and subsequently to the *New York Knickerbocker*, edited by Lewis Gaylord Clark, and at the same time wrote many articles, both in prose and in verse, for a New York daily paper. During several of her last years she was a contributor to the *Presbyterian*; occasionally writing a prose letter from the lake, and frequently a short piece of poetry. One of her gems, entitled *Lost Treasures*, combining, in equal proportions, the grace of the intellect and the heart, while it was scarcely more than a faithful record of her own sad experience, was published in the *New York Observer* in 1857. In 1860 she published *Hymns for the Sick Room*; several of which were written by herself. This volume has been received with much favour, and is now accomplishing an excellent work among the sick soldiers in many of our hospitals.

Mrs. Parmelee, besides holding a graceful and fertile pen, had enriched her mind with large stores of varied knowledge. Her memory was most retentive, and it was not easy for anything to escape that had ever found a lodgement there. She was particularly familiar with the early history of New York; with the French and Indian wars, and the war of the Revolution; and so deeply was she interested in studying the history of the old Indian tribes, their manners and customs, that she once partly formed the purpose of writing a book concerning the early missionaries to the Six Nations. She was well acquainted with the political history of New York, and the characters of most of its public men, and of the genealogical relations of many of them. She had watched, with great interest, the progress of our colleges and

other public institutions, and could converse intelligently upon the wants, the endowments, the achievements of each. Her whole soul went into the great pending contest, and nothing that had a bearing upon it escaped her observation.

Her moral qualities were naturally of a pure and elevated cast, and, under the sanctifying influence of religion, they became not only eminently attractive, but eminently effective. She had a most genial spirit, that made her presence everywhere a bright and healthful sunshine. Charity was the element in which she was most at home. Not content with ministering to the wants of the poor, when they came to her door, she instinctively sought them out, and, to the utmost of her ability, relieved their wretchedness; and never did she seem more happy than when her head or her hand was busy in projecting or carrying forward these benevolent enterprises. One of her favourite spheres of labour was the Sunday School; here she put forth all her energies; and, instead of meeting her class as a mere matter of course, she came with a fixed purpose of doing something, by the blessing of God, to secure their immortal well-being. Indeed, she was a tower of strength in every good work to which she addressed herself.

Her Christian character was marked by deep humility, strong confidence in God, and great earnestness of purpose to obey His will and submit to His will in all things. When she was satisfied as to the direction in which the path of duty lay, no human influence was powerful enough to divert her from it. When she saw the dark clouds above her, or the deep waters before her, she moved along with an unflinching faith, evidently leaning on the arm of the Lord her strength. At the bedside of her dying father, and dying husband, and dying child, she exhibited a tone of Christian fortitude that seemed almost heroic, chastened, however, by a depth of filial and conjugal and maternal love, venting itself in sorrow, which a mind of ordinary sensibilities could not fathom. When it was announced to her that she was herself the subject of an incurable malady, she received it with a

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resignation and calmness worthy of one who knew in whom she had believed. Her stricken friends cannot but mourn deeply, but they may well mourn thankfully, and even joyfully, whether they think of what their beloved friend was on earth, or of what she is now, since she has reached her immortal home.

W. B. S.

*Albany.*

*From the Sing Sing Republican.*

### IN CÆLO QUIES.

Mrs. Parmelee the highly gifted, gentle, Christian woman, has gone to her reward. A daughter of the late learned Dr. T. Romeyn Beck, she possessed a mind of the highest order, which, added to a memory of great excellence, rendered her a bright ornament in the literary circle which gathered for many years at her father's house.

But with a meek and lowly spirit, worthy the follower of her Divine Master, she sought out the poor of this world, and, of the rich blessings of His Grace vouchsafed to her, poured into their hearts those heavenly consolations which enabled them to bear their heavy burdens cheerfully through Him who died for them. And so, beloved by all, working while it was yet day for the good of others, ever mindful of those around her, she has laid down the cross so meekly borne upon earth, and now with the army of the blest sings praises "to our God which sitteth upon the Throne and to the Lamb."

It pleased God in His wisdom to lay His chastening hand many times upon His devoted follower in taking from her the objects of her deepest love; but each time she came forth from the furnace of affliction purified by suffering, and as in words of wondrous melody her ready pen committed to paper those holy aspirations, that entire submission to His will as if 'twere gain to have suffered at His hand, we could but look upward and pray that a like spirit might descend upon us.

Her last earthly wish has been complied with. Loving friends have borne her mortal remains to the spot herself had chosen; there to repose beside those of her family who had gone before.

To them, who in losing her have lost so much, every consola-

tion is vouchsafed in her peaceful death, in the privilege which was granted them of ministering to her comfort, and in the knowledge that no earthly means were spared to prolong a life so dear. And if it was not His will that this cup should pass from them, He has promised to them who trust in Him to be a very present help in time of trouble.

E. L. C.

*From the Presbyterian.*

MRS. PARMELEE.

Our readers will recognize in Mrs. Parmelee one of the contributors to the *Presbyterian*, sometimes in prose, but more frequently in poetry. She was a lady of fine literary culture, and her talents were cheerfully consecrated to God. She was the daughter of Dr. Theodrick Beck, who was distinguished by his admirable work on *Medical Jurisprudence*. In 1848 she was married to William Parmelee, Esq., of Albany, and by the successive deaths in 1855 and 1856, of her father, husband, and one of her two children, she was deeply depressed for a season, but by the sustaining grace of God, she came forth purified from the furnace. With a retentive memory, and a sanctified aim, she made uncommon attainments, and at an early period of her life she became a liberal contributor to the press. Her attachment to the *Presbyterian* induced her not unfrequently to favour its columns, and particularly with her poetical compositions, which breathed her own gentle spirit. Possessing elevated piety and a philanthropic spirit, she diffused her religion and good works, not only in the social circle, but throughout her neighbourhood, everywhere making her presence felt in its genial and cheering influence. For several years she occupied a pretty cottage on the shores of Lake George, where most of her summers were passed; and the village church, in which she worshipped, was erected principally through her exertions. As a teacher in the Sabbath school, she manifested the deepest interest. Her death was rather unexpected and sudden, but it did not find her unprepared. Her life was the commentary on her Christian faith; and that faith failed her not, but was her tower of strength. Hers was a beautiful life, beautifully and safely finished, and her memory is blessed.

### IN PACE.

Speak softly ! after toil and strife,  
Very gently death has come ;  
She has gained her welcome home.  
Wearied with the weight of life,  
Under which she could not tread,  
So she bowed her aching head,  
And at that eternal gate  
With her cross has entered,  
Where she was used to wait.

Once her life was strewn with flowers,  
She had plucked them all away,  
Only thorns were left to stay.  
She had no more summer hours,  
And her bare and bleeding feet,  
For such rugged path unmeet,  
Toiling long their weary way,  
Now have gained a sure retreat  
Where there is rest alway.

Weep above her not one tear,  
The very angels, waiting round,  
Would wonder at a sobbing sound ;  
See how calm her lips appear,  
Plowed by grief, and care, and sin,  
Storms without and fires within.  
Were the furrows on her brow,  
Like the marble, white and thin  
God's hand has smoothed them now.



Raise no white tomb where she lies;  
Lay her in her mother earth,  
In the country of her birth,  
Where with full and glad surprise,  
When that coming morn shall break,  
Her beloved ones shall awake;  
And with clasped hands once more,  
All one household band shall make,  
Life! Death, and Parting o'er!

H. L. P.

*Presbyterian, 1862.*

